

HARRY WINTER;
THE
SHIPWRECKED SAILOR BOY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE OAK AT HOME.

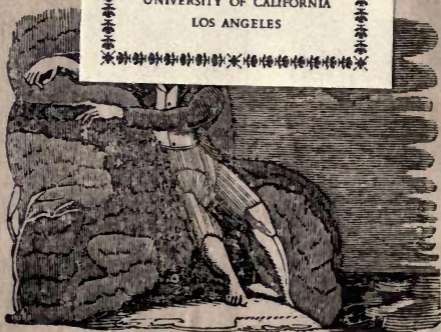


NEW-YORK:

MAHLOW DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET.

1834.

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THE SHIP-WRECKED SAILOR BOY.

Many chilling nights poor Harry's breast
Had brav'd the tempests' yelling !
For misery keen his lot had been
Since he had left of peace bereft,
His tender father's dwelling.

His cheek was wan, his lips were blue,
His head was cold and shaggy !
His limbs were torn, with many a thorn ;
For he had paced the pathless waste,
And clim'd the rocks so craggy.

THE PROPERTY OF

Master.

John

Laurence

Green

his Instructress

Martha B. Cushman

New-Redford

HARRY WINTER;

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PRINTED AND SOLD BY MAHLON DAY,

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No. 374, Pearl-street

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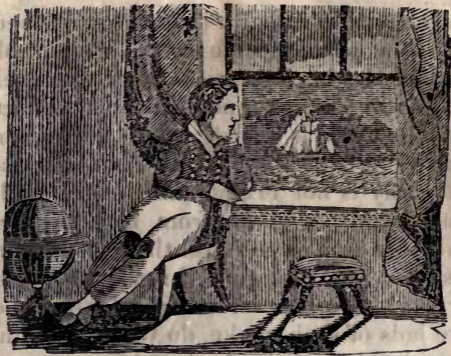


The Mansion House.

Many are the narratives that might be given of persons who have suffered shipwreck ; often exceedingly distressing and doleful. We cannot say whether the following account of Harry Winter is all from facts or not ; but there are many cases known to old sea-faring men which may be nearly compared to Harry's adventure. Boys sometimes early take it into their heads, from a love of something bold and adventurous, to see the world. They fancy to themselves things, and sights, and enjoyments, which they never realize ; they bring themselves to believe that they will

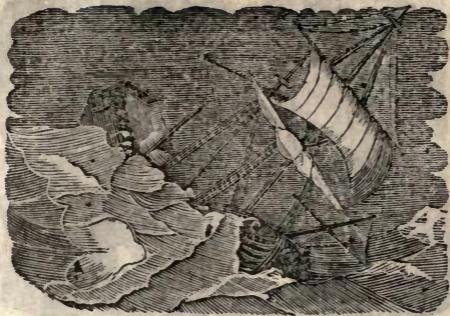
make their fortunes, or that they may meet with some great promotion to an honorable station, in other countries; they fill their heads with these vague ideas, not reflecting that there is a dark side to things, and that there are spots even in the sun; that every day is not bright, nor every night clear. So they go on from idea to idea, and from step to step, till they become uneasy and idle, and good for nothing, either for work or study. Now in order to set before lads of such make, do we feel willing to print this little book, that they may, as in a looking-glass, see themselves, not as Harry, we hope, a poor forlorn ship-wrecked sailor boy, but that they may be enabled on reading his history, to shun a course of life, particularly dangerous and full of peril, both to body and mind. Therefore a good end, we think will be accomplished, if but one lad, by reading this brief story, shall be stopt short of his sea-faring notions, and become settled down to his studies, or business, and attentive and dutiful to his parents. For, alas! how often do they, by disobedience and self-will, destroy the peace of whole families, when they go contrary to the advice and wish of their friends!

M. D.



Harry contemplating a sea-voyage.

The account says, that in a small village near Banborough Castle, in Northumberland, lived the respected Mr. Winter. One son and a daughter were all the children Mrs. Winter, who had been dead some years, had left him. His son Harry was an amiable youth; but unfortunately for himself, and the peace of an affectionate parent, he early contracted a liking for a sea-faring life. Mr. Winter endeavored to



Harry is ship-wrecked.

dissuade him from a life so full of peril and toil ; but so much had Harry set his mind upon it that no argument could prevail upon him to abandon his favorite idea. He would sit whole nights in his room, thinking on the many foreign parts he should see, and the pleasure he should have. Mr. Winter perceiving all remonstrances vain, at last consented to place him under Captain Beverly, an old and intimate acquaintance ;



And thrown upon the rocks!

and he embarked on board the Nancy for New-Holland. His father and one friend accompanied him on board. He took an affectionate leave of his father and friends, and the Nancy put to sea. They had not been many weeks at sea before a most dreadful storm arose; the wind blew a hurricane, the thunder rolled, and flashes of lightning darted along the sky, and gave an additional horror to the scene.

Soon, alas ! the brave Captain Beverly and his crew sunk to rise no more ! but Harry, clinging to a piece of the rigging, was thrown by the force of the waves on a beach at a great distance. Here he lay without sense, being quite stunned. When recovered, he found the water had left him, and he scrambled up as well as he could, for he was much bruised, and climbing up a steep rock, he got on dry land ; but though he was now safe from the tempestuous ocean, he had no prospect than that of being starved to death in a strange country ! What a dreadful situation was this. Harry now thought of the words of his father, and he wept bitterly. Reflecting on this sad state, he wandered up and down till night, when he climbed up a large tree to shelter himself from the wild



Harry climbs the tree for fear of wild beasts.

beasts, which he heard prowling in search of prey. He had no idea what country he was in. For many miles round him nothing was to be seen but trees and woods ; not the least sign of a human habitation could he discover, and his only food was some shell fish which he picked up on the beach. In this manner did he live for some time, wandering about during the day, and climbing up a tree at night, to preserve himself from the wild



Harry cooking his dinner of fish.

beasts that howled around him.

He now made a fire and cooked some fish, and made a hearty meal, and felt thankful to the Almighty for the preservation of his life ; and a gleam of hope now shot across his mind that he should yet return to the roof of his father.

This kind of life he led for twelve months, when looking one day with watering eyes on the wide ocean, he discovered a sail bearing towards the island.



Harry spies a distant vessel.

Picture to yourself, my little reader, the effect this had on the almost heart-broken and despairing Harry. Away he ran to the top of an adjoining hill, and made a large fire, in hopes they on board might see it, which fortunately they did, and sent a boat on shore immediately! The captain received him kindly, and clothed him from his own chest; and a stiff gale springing up, they bore away for his native land.



He arrives home.

When he arrived and told the joyful tidings to his affectionate sister, she wept for joy, and ran to the chamber of her father, for he was in bed, and communicated the message. On Harry's being introduced, who can describe the raptures of a fond father, and the exalted feelings of a dutiful son!

Thus that gracious Being who feedeth the young ravens when



they cry, preserved the youthful Harry to be a solace to the declining years of a tender parent.

THE END OF THE SHIP-WRECKED SAILOR BOY.

THE OAK "AT HOME."

AN ALLEGORY.

[From the Boston Juvenile Miscellany.]



In the vicinity of the gay and flourishing town of Clinton, is a venerable growth of oaks, whose lofty tops catch the first rays of the rising sun, and seem crowned with a golden diadem; while the thick branches have become so interwoven, that scarce a ray, can by stealth, find its way to the ground. This grove, has long been the favorite resort of the inhabitants

of Clinton. The young and romantic, the grave and the thoughtful, have alike sought its shade ; and could its leaves be endued with eloquence, it might reveal many a daring scheme, melancholy story, or tender tale. A party of young ladies, during the last summer, resorted more frequently than before, to the western side of this grove, where, grouped under a lofty oak, which stretched its branches so as to form a verdant canopy over their heads, and afford both quiet and shade, they would unfold their hearts to each other. It was a bright afternoon, in the beginning of October, when a party of young people sought this favorite retreat, to talk over the pleasures of a great fete, lately given in the neighborhood, where art and nature had been tasked, to furnish forth the entertainment of the evening. Each forgot her disappointments and vexations, or prudently, concealed them ; while so glowing were their descriptions of the apartments, guests, and the whole enchantments of the scene, that even the Oak, beneath which they were reposing, became less sturdy, and bowed to listen ; while a neighboring sapling was so enamoured of the scene described, that she secretly resolved to solicit the parent Oak, to give a similar fete to the forest trees. Knowing her mother to be unyielding in her old-fashioned notions, she prepared herself with arguments addressed to her pride, and after the young people had dispersed, spoke to her as follows :—“ Well, mother, I think these elves, the highest of whom, could not reach your lowest branches, have given a famous ac-

count of their festivities, enough to excite the envy of all our race, —and to think that *we*, the nobility of the forest, have only the privilege of showing our *leaves* at their entertainments, placed against the wall to form the drapey to some gaudy bunch of flowers—I declare it is too degrading ; and do, mother, think of the advantages of showing off our extensive and royal family, at a fete of this kind,—and how it would bring me into notice, polish me, and fit me for better society than these tiresome old-fashioned people about me, some of whom, do not change their dress the year round.” The old Oak was considerably moved by this reflection on her old friends, and would have discoursed to her sapling on the imprudence of deserting ancient and tried friends, who have shared with us the storms and rigor of life, for those gay summer associates, who sport with us in our sunshine but fly a clouded sky. She would have told her, that dignified retirement is honorable, and that to be able to show off at a fete, is no desirable distinction ; but she well knew that the maxims of age and experience are seldom heeded by the young and gay ; so resolving to fall in with the wishes of the sapling, as far as consistent with her dignity and age, she addressed her to this effect,—“I have stood on this spot many, many years, and have seen generations rise and fall ; but a scheme like this you propose, has never before entered the heart of an oak : however, being disposed to gratify your wishes, I will consent to the request, provided, you take upon yourself, the arrangement of

the affair, since my old fashioned habits are quite at variance with such a scene ; but as propriety and politeness do not change with the fashion, I wish to be consulted on some points." The Sapling, who had always before found her mother unyielding in her aversion to modern usages and amusements, was quite as much surprised, as delighted at the ready acquiescence ; and resolved to improve the present moment, lest she should say, as she was often wont, "I have thought better, child, of this ; 'tis all folly." So she began to settle the preliminaries of time and place, number and quality of guests to be invited. The spot she named as the scene of their revels, was a large space of cleared ground, just in the vicinity, round which still flourished in majestic pride and beauty, the lords of the forest, and beneath their protecting shades the rising generation, destined soon to fill their places. The old Oak made no objection to the spot ; for as it opened on a large mountain, richly adorned with stately sycamores, walnuts, maples, firs, &c., she thought it would be a good opportunity to notice these Highland Chiefs, her allies. "Mother," said the Sapling, "I wish we were furnished with birch-bark for our cards of invitation, which must be sent out at least a month before hand." "Nonsense," said the mother, "I need but whisper it to my nearest neighbor, and a zephyr will carry it to the remotest bounds of the forest ; so that those who are inclined to visit us, can be here at a day's notice. A month, child ! why half our circle of friends and relations, may be cut

down, withered, and consumed in that time ; and we ourselves fall before the stroke of the woodman,—or, at best, our beautiful garments of green, orange and scarlet, be stripp'd off by the November blast." These expostulations were lost upon the Sapling, who, in the pride of youth and beauty, could not dream of decay, or the more sudden strokes of fate. She thought only of the mild Indian summer, which would prolong her verdure, and the full harvest-moon, which would light the company to their revels. So the mother, which is no unusual case, was argued out of her old fashioned ignorance, by the wordy wisdom of her young descendant, and consented to be "at home, Harmony Grove, November 2d;" and they went on to name the guests to be invited.

"Of course, my child, the family of Oaks, must be first on your list ; and you are aware it is pretty extensive." "Hold, mother," cried the Sapling, peevishly, (and writhing with a twist which she never after out-grew)—"don't insist that *all* the branches of our family must be here ! There are the dwarfs and the scrubs, and many more of our species, which the world would never suspect to be our relations did we not bring them into notice ; and I have often doubted myself, whether a drop of our royal sap ever found its way into their veins. Besides, mother, times have altered since you were an acorn ; it is not now thought necessary to notice one's relations in humble life, on occasions like this ; but if you insist on their being here, I hope you will contrive to keep them in the shade, where they may not be seen

by Lord Sycamore, and Lady Magnolia ; they would consider it a sad offence to their dignity, to be placed in such company."

Her mother was grieved at the false pride of the Sapling, and said, with some gravity, "I trust I shall ever measure my dignity, not by the length of shade I cast on those beneath me, but rather, by the firmness of my foundation, and the soundness of my heart. Times have indeed strangely altered ; and I see a hollow-hearted generation rising around me ; but go on with your list. You have named one of great dignity and surpassing loveliness, the Lady Magnolia,—but should she come in southern style, with a numerous retinue of friends and attendants, I am afraid they will find themselves but poorly accommodated."

"Oh, mother, give yourself no uneasiness on that point ; they will not mind being squeezed ; and as it is the fashion to stand, they will occupy but little space. We will send cards to the Walnuts,—though I doubt if they condescend to make their appearance,—they are so lifted up, since one of their family has attracted so much notice, become a traveller, and is to make the tour of Europe, to exhibit her immense bulk ;* though, after all their boast, I doubt if she ever had the honor of sheltering a royal fugitive, as we have done ; however, I hope they will come ; for after her return, she may give a party in European style ; and I heard Miss Annesly say, when seated beneath your branches, that in fashionable life those

* Alluding to an immense trunk of a Walnut-tree, exhibited in a Museum in New-York, and afterwards exported to Europe.

only are invited, who can return the civility. I wish we could avoid noticing the *Chestnuts*; they are such a rough, uncivilized race,—always cracking their jokes, and collecting a mob of urchins around them to catch them as they fall. The *Horse-Chestnut*, to be sure, is placed in good society, and is quite trim and genteel in its appearance, though it has now laid aside the gay plume of flowers, with which it was a few months ago so richly adorned, and does not appear to so great advantage as the *Mountain Ash*, in her rich scarlet ornaments: this is *her* season of pride and glory,—and I expect we shall be quite dazzled by her splendor. The *Maples* too, will have put on their gorgeous drapery, and appear in gay colors; while they dispense sweets so liberally, they will always have friends and admirers.”

Here the parent *Oak* interposed, to name an old friend, whom she thought ranked before some that had been mentioned. “You have forgotten the venerable *Elm*, who must by no means be omitted, though I am almost ashamed to expose my folly, by sending her an invitation. Our neighboring cottages cannot spare her protecting branches; so we will send for some of those which grace the public avenues. The *Yews* and *Cypresses* we must invite on some other occasion.” “Yes, mother, on occasion of our obsequies, not on a gala-day. Those dismal creatures would throw a gloom over the whole company; besides they could not enjoy themselves, unless they were whispering an elegy. There is a group of young *Aspens*, with whom I have a

passing acquaintance; we may as well invite them,—they will serve to keep conversation alive, by their perpetual whisper. The Poplars, Pines and Firs, I hope will be sociable with each other; for they are too stiff and awkward to mingle in the crowd, and would not bend obeisance, unless old Boreas himself, should preside at our feast. I have a notion we had better make him chief musician: his inspiring tunes would set us all dancing; and it would be amusing to see the awkward motions of some, the clumsy gestures of others, and the unbending dignity of those matrons who never liked his familiarities. Send him a card, and enclose one to sweet Æolus and Zephyrus,—I admire their gentle sports and winning attentions. Familiar as I am with them, I can never see them approach without being moved. It is amusing to see the stately dignity of those prudish Firs and Pines, reserving their best bows and courtesies for Boreas, whom alone they seem to respect. Much he values their condescension, and well he repays it; but this is the way of the world.” “Stop! my child, and be less severe on one who has so long spared us; though you may think such gentleness rather unfashionable. Let us think of our entertainment. Since nature has been lavish of her bounties, we can have the choicest fruits for the gathering.” “What, mother, do you think our viands are to be? not those homely productions scattered around us: this would be exceedingly vulgar! No article that is not *foreign*, must appear at our entertainment; and even those must be so disguised,

that their original cannot be traced, or their native flavor detected."

They were going on farther to discuss this important topic, when they were interrupted by an ominous sound—It was not the light, fairy tread of some gay-hearted maiden; it was the quick bustling step of the man of business. If the truth must be told, it was a land-surveyor, that enemy to sylvan beauties.—who finding this lofty Oak directly in the way of a new road he was laying out to shorten the distance to Clinton, gave her a most unfeeling stroke, the report of which echo bore along the neighboring mountain. The Oak groaned, and fell in the stillness of the forest.

I am sorry to say, though the morning found the Sapling bathed in tears, the bright rays of the sun soon dried them; and grief for her mother, began to give place to regrets for the party, which, for decency's sake, she knew must be deferred to another season. If she survives the progress of improvement in that neighborhood, we may yet be favored with an account of this projected entertainment.

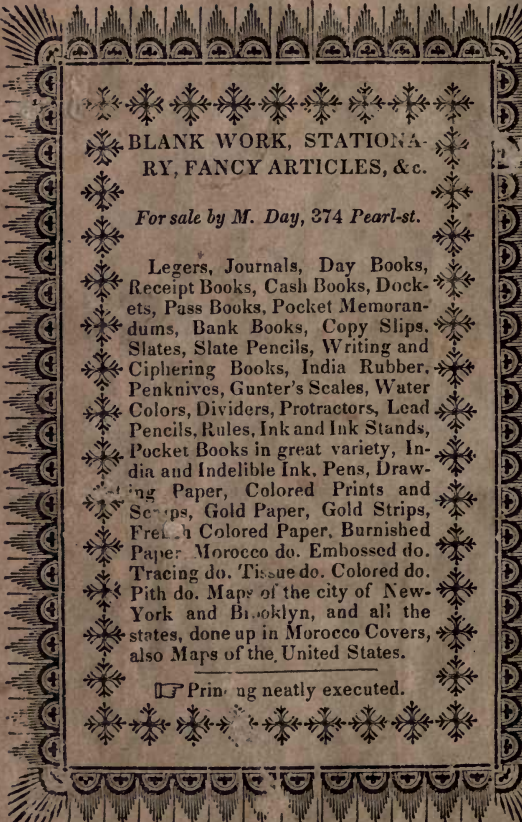
M. H.

Marblehead, Mass. 1828.



A Axe.

Dartmouth Nov. 12th 1838



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